SISTERS' DEPARTMENT.

Paul Became a Martyr.

BY CLARA FLORA.

When God saw that there was no further need, either for His writing or preaching for he had kept and defended the faith, and had finished his course, God took him then from the evil to come, and he rested for the crown of glory which his Redeemer had provided for him. For this he had continually labored.

Reader, be thankful to God who, in pity to thy weakness, has called thee to believe and enjoy, and not suffer for his sake. It is not for us to covet seasons of martyrdom; we find it difficult to be faithful even in ordinary trials. Yet as offences may occur, we should be prepared for them; and we should know that nothing less than Christ in us, the hope of glory, will enable us to stand in the cloudy and dark day. Let us therefore put on the whole armor of God, and fighting under the Captain of our Salvation, expect the speedy destruction of every inward foe and triumph in the assurance that death, the last enemy, will, in his destruction, shortly be brought to a perpetual end. Then if we have lived as Paul did, we will join in singing, Halleluiah to the Lord who reigneth forever and ever.

Farewell brother Paul, farewell,
The ties that bound thee to earth
Have long been broken:
On earth, thou didst fulfill thy mission
Had faith in God, divine condition
And now, reward to thee is given
A robe and crown in heaven.

DEAR EDITOR:—I have often thought I would like to write a few lines for the Sisters' Department, but feeling inferior and unworthy, I have never done so until now. I must say we appreciate the EVANGELIST so much. It seems to grow better each week. We receive great benefit from reading it, and perhaps from the small note of but three or four lines, we learn quite a lesson, or receive consolation. We rejoice to notice the reports sent in by the brethren in their labors. May the Lord bless their every effort with success is our prayer.

We are so pleased to learn there is a prospect of Bro. Bashor preaching in the city of Dayton. God speed the work, and put it into the hearts of the many brethren to give him ample means to carry on the work so worthy of support, if it proves a success in that city. We hope the spirit may move the brother to surrounding cities. We think, to preach the gospel in its purity in the city, to some people would be something new.

We have had the pleasure of getting to see Bro. McFaden's 'Story of Jesus.' We think it is the 'old story' made new, and so nicely portrayed.

We read of so many good meetings being held in different places and think we so much would like to be present at some of them, for we do enjoy good preaching, but we try to be content with our lot and live as near God as we can. We attend the Baptist church. We would welcome the brethren when in the city to stop with us.

Hopefully yours,
M. O. HORNE.

Columbus, O.

MARRIED.

WATTERS—MORGAN—Near Dallas Center, Iowa, Feb. 19, at 12 A. M., by Rev. N. Flora, pastor of the Brethren church, at the home of the bride's mother, Mr. James Watters and Miss Eledona Morgan.

WICKS—WEST—Near Dallas Center, Iowa. Feb. 19, at 5 P. M, by Rev. N. Flora, at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. Andrew Wicks and Miss Ida West.

PITZMAN—WATTERS—Near Dallas Center, Iowa, Jan. 22, by Rev. N. Flora, at his residence, Mr. W. F. Pitzman and Miss Sadie Watters.

FOSTER—CLEVELAND—At the residence of the bride's father, March 2, at 7 P. M., Mr. James Foster and Miss Kittie Cleveland, all of Beatrice, Neb. Rev. S. P. Stevens officiating.

OUR DEAD.

ASHENFELTER—At Beatrice, Neb., Feb. 25, 1889, infant daughter of J. W. and Lucinda Ashenfelter, aged two weeks and 4 days. Thus the little bud was nipped in its infancy.

Weep not papa and mamma for me
For I am waiting in heaven for thee.

A. H. LICHTY.

POSTEL.—Johnnie Postel, infant son of brother David and sister Ella Postel, was born June 3, 1888, died Feb. 28, 1889, aged 8 months and 27 days. Funeral services by the writer

H. B. LEHMAN.

King and Martyr.

More than a thousand years ago England was conquered by the Saxons, who divided the country into portions, each ruled by its own king. The Danes, who lived on the other side of the German ocean, were fond of making incursions into England, and on one of these occasions they attacked the kingdom of Norfolk and Suffolk, which was then governed by a Christian king, Edmund. Edmund was a brave man and loved his country, but was very young, only twenty-eight, and besides was no great general, and his army was small and quite unable to resist the more powerful Danes. On they came, and soon made themselves masters of the kingdom, and Edmund himself was taken prisoner and brought before the Danish king, Hinguar, on the 29th of November, about one thousand years ago. Now Hinguar hated the Christians, and so anxious was he to destroy the Christian religion that he told Edmund his life should be spared and his kingdom restored to himself if only he would deny Christ, hoping by this means to root out Christianity from that part of the country. But King Edmund steadfastly refused, saying, 'How can I do this wickedness and sin against the Lord?'

Then Hinguar became very angry, and ordered him to be tied to a tree and scourged, and finally to be shot to death with arrows. In a wood in Suffolk was an old oak tree, said to be the tree to which King Edmund had been bound. Some years ago this tree was blown down by a high wind, and when it was sawn up they found in it an arrow, over which the wood and bark had grown. At St. Edmundsburg, in Suffolk, is a beautiful church, one of the largest in England, which was built over the place where King Edmund was buried.—Sel.

A Conundrum at a Wedding.

Mr. McLaren says: 'I have just come from the house of a friend who was at a marriage in Scotland the other day. When the ceremony was performed, and the newly made husband and wife had left the room, the minister remarked to a group of young men, who stood watching the bride's cake being cut up, "Here is a conundrum which I have often asked, but to which I have never received a satisfactory answer. At the present moment, where is the bride's home? All the young fellows thought for a moment of the ceremony to which they had been witnesses. The bride had left her father and his home, and she had not yet entered into the home which her husband had prepared for her. Where, then, was her home? At length one young man answered, "I think the bride will feel at home, and be happiest where the bridegroom is." Does not that little incident show the Christian's standing in this world? Where is the Christian's home? By giving himself over to Christ the heavenly Bridegroom, he has severed his connection with the world, and though Christ has prepared a beautiful home for him in heaven, he has not yet entered upon it. Where, then, is the Christian's home? Is it not wherever Christ is, feeling happiest in the sunshine of His smile? Let us be ever keeping our eyes on the Bridegroom, and He will lead His bride into the eternal and glorious mansion, which He has provided for her.'—The Christian Herald.

In severe sprain of the ankle, immerse the joint as soon as possible in a pail of hot water, and keep it there for fifteen or twenty minutes. After removing it, keep it bandaged with hot cloths wrung out of water, or rum and water.

The smell of paint may be taken from a room by shutting it up, leaving a pan of lighted charcoal with juniper berries thrown on. This is useful for a room impregnated with tobacco smoke. Again, soaked hay in a pail is considered a good absorbent of disagreeable odors.

A Scene In A Devil's Temple.

When Mr. Thomas the eminent missionary, who is now at Tennevelli, in the Presidency of Madras, India, reached his station there a few years ago heathenism was rampant, and devil-worship prevailed. The idolatry which prevailed was of the most repulsive kind. He thus describes one scene which he witnessed: 'On one side of the road stood a devil temple, and I saw at some distance a crowd of people assembled round it. . . One old woman drew my attention, and I shall never forget her figure, and the fury like air and expression of her countenance. She was tall, and more than ordinarily masculine in appearance, and was smeared with ashes and saffron-water; her long black hair hung dishevelled down her cheeks, and her motions indicated a state of mind in the highest degree frantic. While she thus stood in the centre, a sheep was brought and laid at her feet. She looked wild, muttered her order, and to my surprise, the neck of the sheep was suddenly severed by a sharp knife. Four men held the animal by its legs, and, instantly, on the gash being made the sheep was lifted from the ground, and the fiendish-looking, wretched old woman pressed her mouth and face between the severed head and body and drank its blood warm as it flowed. . . As soon as she had done so, some saffron-water was thrown upon her. Her face, to the eyes, her neck and breast, were smeared with the blood, which also clotted in her loose hair. She reeled to and fro, and seemed to have every muscle of her body in action. The accompaniment to all this was the tom-toms, and the harsh noise of a species of clarionet used by the natives, interrupted occasionally by the wild shouts of the crowd.' Happily there are many hundreds of Christians now in the once dark land of Tinnevelli.

Cold sliced potatoes fry and taste better to sprinkling a teaspoonful of flour over them while frying.

Do not waste your time scouring bread pans; bread never bakes as well in a bright tin. Indeed, the best pans, if one can have them made, are of Russian iron.

Deafness Can't Be Cured

by local application, as they can not reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucus lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflamation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucus surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by Catarrh) that we can not cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

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Resorts.

Puck says: "The white man who drives a coal cart has to resort to soap and water, just as does a negro who has spent the day in whitewashing."

But the most strange things of all are usually resorted to when a man gets sick.

Of course he doesn't want a doctor—at least not at first. He usually goes to the so-called saloon and gets a drink, which makes him feel rather dazed, so he takes another, and comes home temporarily elated, supposing himself cured.

When he wakes next morning, with a headache twice as bad as ever, and feeling feverish and cross, he concludes he will have to try something else.

He takes a dose of whatever he happens to have in the house—some liver renovator, kidney evaporator, or heart enlarger—and sets forth saying if he isn't better tomorrow he will send for the doctor.

Next morning he is sick in bed; the doctor is called, shakes his head, prescribes two or three kinds of medicine, according to his medical creed, but always insists upon perfect quiet, and that the patient must not go to his office for two weeks, or the result will be serious.

He does, in truth, lie in bed for a week or ten days, his recovery retarded by a multitude of remedies, and the knowledge that his business is going to ruin in his absence. When he does drag out at last, he finds that the family must deny themselves everything but the common necessities of life for some time to come, in order that the doctor's bill may be paid, and repairs made in the business.

Now, the proper thing for this man to have done was to have bought a bottle of New Style, Pleasant Taste Vinegar Bitters, the moment he felt the first headache, and to have taken two tablespoonfuls at once. Two or three half-doses, two days apart, after the first dose had taken effect, would have cured him and prevented his illness, and his consequent financial loss.

The man did not know this, or, as Beecher would have said, his foresight was not so good as his hindsight. Another time this man will know just what to do to save pain, time and money.

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